LIVING OR DEAD.

A POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We traveled with all speed to Monaco. At every halting place we inspected the other carriages of the train, knowing that my father could not be much ahead of us, and that a chance delay of a few hours on his part might make us fellow travelers. But our search was vain; we saw nothing of him.

It was night when we arrived at Monaco. We found we should just have time to engage beds at a hotel, and reach Monte Carlo before the hour struck at which that well-conducted establishment insisted that winners and losers should postpone their struggles until another sun rose high in the heavens. We felt sure that so long as the tables were open it would be vain to seek Chesham elsewhere; and where Chesham was we should find traces of my father.

Lord Rothwell, who was far from being entirely above the weakness of humanity, had been at Monte Carlo many a time. He knew the place and the ways of it. The necessary formalities were soon complied with, and under his guidance I entered for the first time the gigantic gambling establishment from which M. Blanc, by the aid of a small percentage of chance, draws a princely income which may be calculated upon as certainly as if he were in the most quiet and legitimate way of business.

We walked from table to table and inspected the ring of eager faces surrounding the battle-field of fortune. Neither at roulette nor at trente et quarante could we discover Chesham—nowhere could we see my father. We were turning away to pursue our researches in other and more innocent adjuncts to the building, when we were accosted by a man well known to both of us. He had just risen from one of the tables, and bore the cheerful face of a winner.

"Come to tempt fortune?" he said.

"Not to-night—we are only looking round," answered Rothwell.

"Looking round," said our friend, who was a small wit in his way, "I expect I'm looking round. My pockets are crammed with notes and gold; I never had such a night!"

We offered our congratulations.

"You ought to have been here just now, Norris," continued our lucky friend. "It might have done your heart good to have seen your old antagonist, Chesham, cleaned out of everthing."

"Chesham cleaned out! How was that?"

"Cleaned out of every rap, by George! He's just left as bare as the palm of your hand. Began with wonderful luck—won the maximum three times. I sat next him and backed his luck till it began to change. A man came in and stood opposite him, and looked at him. Then he seemed to go to pieces."

Rothwell laughed a low laugh. "Who was the man?" I asked.

"I don't know. Tall, good-looking man, short beard and mustache. I fancy I've seen some one like him years ago, but can't remember where. He stood for hours just opposite Chesham, staking a fiver every now and then as if for appearances. But he changed Chesham's luck."

"Did he speak to him?"

"Not a word; but Chesham looked at him, and I saw one of his sweetest expressions come over his face. Then he lost and lost. He got pricked and went at it like a boy or a madman. He must have lost all his winnings, and five thousand beside."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Not half an hour. I was glad to see him off. I was afraid he was going to make an ass of himself. I lent him two hundred. He wanted more, but I told him it was no good whilst luck was against him. So then he went."

"And the man you spoke of?"

"He went, too, I suspect. I did not notice him again."

Rothwell pressed my elbow, and having with some trouble shaken off our fortunate friend, we prepared to go in search of Chesham. The man we had been talking to told us the name of his hotel.

It wanted but a few minutes to eleven. We were close to one of the roulette tables. Gamblers, male and female, were concentrating their energies on the last few spins. Rothwell paused and watched the table being covered with gold according to the pleasure or superstition of the punters. I was annoyed at the delay, being eager that not a moment should be wasted.

"Let us take an omen, Philip," said Rothwell. "How old are you?"

I told him.

"Put these four napoleons on the number; no, put four of your own."

I did so, and in another minute found one hundred and forty napoleons added to my stake.

"Put it all on the even chance," said Rothwell, "on the red."

Caring nothing, whether I won or lost, I obeyed, and presently found my stake doubled.

"Once more," said Rothwell, "leave the maximum there—two hundred and forty."

Round went the little mill, whiz went the ball, running round and round till at last it settled in its appointed place. I had won again.

This was the last spin of the evening. I picked up my twelve thousand francs, stuffed them into my pocket, determined they should be devoted to buying jewels for Claudine.

"Come," said Rothwell, "our star is in the ascendant. I accept the omen, and fear nothing."

For a man of his experience and intellect I began to think him absurdly superstitious. I had noticed this tendency several times recently, and was vexed that at this particular time it should have made us waste minutes which might be irretrievable. I felt certain that my father had followed Chesham from the rooms, and perhaps that by this time the two men had arranged when and where the meeting was to be.

We drove straight to Chesham's hotel. If we could find him we could no doubt ascertain where my father was staying. Moreover I might be able to arrange with him that little matter about which Rothwell knew nothing. I could, I hoped, forestall my father. Rothwell, when he knew the facts of the case, would be compelled to give me all the assistance he could. Everything would go well if I could be before Sir Laurence.

Chesham was not in. He had been in, settled his hotel bill, and taken a carriage. He had not left the place altogether, as his luggage still remained. He was sure to return that night. He had given the driver instructions to take him along the Nice road. Would we leave our names.

No, we would not. Our business was of no consequence. We went away, and at once entered into a deep consultation. Why had Chesham started on a drive at this time of the night?

"He may want to see a friend and bespeak his assistance," I hazarded.

"Or he may be gone to meet some one who will never lose sight of him again," said Rothwell, with meaning in his voice.

I started at the suggestion.

"But at night!" I said. "They must have seconds, too!"

"Night! Look at the moon—it is light as day. When your father shoots Chesham he won't trouble whether it is by day or night, with seconds or without them."

"We must follow at once!" I cried. "Not a moment must be lost." We found a carriage, and instructed the driver to go with all speed along the Nice road until we bade him stop.

Rothwell was right. The moon was up, and houses, hedges, trees, and what people we passed were plainly visible by her light. On that score there was no reason why two men should not meet and work out their deadly purpose. As I saw the road growing more and more deserted and lonely I began to dread and believe that Rothwell had guessed the true state of affairs. I urged the driver to get all the speed he could out of his horse.

Rothwell said little or nothing. He neither assisted nor checked my exertions to get the pace at which we were going increased. His brow was stern, and his manner moody. Feeling that concealment was of no further use, I told him of my engagement with my father's enemy, asserting my prior claim. He expressed no surprise.

"Your father's claim is one of long years' standing," he said. "Nothing will make him forego it in your favor."

We drove on some five miles without meeting with anything to give us information. Then we heard the sound of wheels and a carriage passed us. It was going in an opposite direction, and seeing it was empty I called to the driver and bade him stop. He told us he had driven a gentleman some half a mile further. A fair English gentleman, who walked with a halt. Nevertheless, this gentleman had expressed his intention of performing the remainder of his journey on foot. His destination was a village some few miles off. He told our driver the exact spot at which his fare left him, and as our man asserted he knew the place perfectly we bade him make all haste to it.

Now it was that Rothwell seemed to emerge from the gloominess and silence which had sat upon him since we started. Now he took, so to say, the lead in the expedition. It was he who discharged the driver, when we reached the indicated spot, and told him we should require his services no longer. He paid the man lavishly, and, holding my arm, stood still until the retreating wheels had vanished from our sight.

"They met here," he said, "and have gone down to the coast. We must follow them."

Still grasping my arm so tightly as almost to feel like a restraint placed on me, he turned from the road, and we struck across a narrow strip of land, which lay between us and the sea shore. We reached the edge of the cliff—if it could be called a cliff—as it sloped to the beach below gradually enough to allow any one on foot to pass up or down with ease. Some little way from us standing at the edge of the tide were two men—a tall man and a shorter one, the latter, I could see by the light of the glorious moon, leaning on a stick. There was no mistake, my father and Chesham were there, and it appeared talking to each other.

"Thank God, we are in time!" I cried.

Then I strove to disengage my arm from Lord Rothwell's, intending to run down the bank and interpose between the two foes. My friend held me like a vice.

"Let me go!" I said, struggling to free myself.

"What do you mean to do," he asked in a low firm voice.

"Do! Go down and stop that duel. I will stand in my father's place. I claim the right. Let me go!"

"Never! Shall Laurence Estmere be balked of his revenge? Sit down here and see the end."

I looked at him in sheer astonishment. His eyes were gleaming with fire. The strongest passion was written in every feature. I saw in a moment he had no intention of interfering. His strange superstition told him that Chesham was doomed. His one object in coming here was to see my father take his revenge. Even now, writing in cold blood, I must say that for the time I believe he was half mad.

The moments were slipping away. I grew fierce as my friend. "Let me go!" I said, "or I will shout and interrupt them."

Before my sentence was finished I was lying half dazed on the ground with Lord Rothwell's great weight on top of me. He had closed with me and thrown me like a child.

Till then I had no idea that a man could be so strong as my assailant. I had read of his own modest accounts of feats of strength done in strange lands, and I had heard about them from others, but I should not have believed that any man breathing could have thrown himself upon me and rendered me perfectly helpless—could whilst keeping me in this position have been able to make use of one hand to absolutely gag and stifle my cries.

"Philip! you are a fool," he said. "Unless you swear to keep silent, to stay in this place, I will keep you here until all is over, even if I have to stun you—I mean it. Choose!"

I struggled in vain. His arms and legs were like bars of iron, his large hand still covered my mouth and almost stifled me. I was helpless.

"Promise," he said, "promise to be still and silent. You need fear nothing."

Anything was better than this. Let me see what the men below us were doing. At this very moment Chesham's pistol might be aimed at my father's heart; I must see what was going on.

I managed to make some sort of ejaculation signifying assent. Rothwell thereupon removed his hand and left me free.

"Come here, and lie down," he whispered. "I did not mean to be so rough. But nothing shall stop this."

I moved to the edge of the bank, and lay down beside my commander. I looked eagerly at the shore below. The two men were still together, and I saw my father's face in the moonlight—saw it calm and pale and without a trace of agitation on it. Oh, God! How will it look in ten minutes' time!

He stooped and laid something white—a handkerchief I thought—on the sand at his feet. He pointed to it, and seemed to speak to Chesham, who nodded assent.

"A la barriere," whispered Rothwell in my ear.

"What does that mean?" I gasped.

"They will each go some paces from that mark, then turn and fire when they like. If one fires and misses, the other may walk up to the mark and shoot him. This is to the death, Philip. Chesham will never leave the ground alive."

So certain was he in his superstition that, although his dearest friend's life hung upon an even chance only, he spoke with absolute exultation. I shuddered; a horrible dryness came into my mouth. Had I wished to shout I scarcely think my tongue would have done its office. I felt it was now too late to interfere, yet I knew that if my father fell my life would be one of unmitigated remorse.

The men beneath us separated. I could see that each held something in his right hand. They walked a few paces in opposite directions, and as they did so the thought crossed by brain, what if Chesham, villain as he was, should fire before my father was ready. It would be murder, but would he shrink from that? He knew nothing of the two witnesses so close at hand.

What Rothwell in his extraordinary state of mind may have thought, I know not, but I trembled in every limb as I saw my father turn his back to the white handkerchief, and walk away a few paces. Every moment I expected to hear Chesham's shot and know that murder had been done.

But no. The villain may have been too brave for that. He walked like my father to his appointed place, and the two men turned and faced each other.

The distance they were apart seemed nothing. My feeling was that it was utterly impossible for either to fire and miss the other. Why, in spite of my promise, had I not given the alarm. Too late now; too late! My cry, if raised, might be fatal to the one I loved. I must see the wretched tragedy to the end.

The men have turned, and are facing each other. Chesham's back is towards us. I notice he has dropped his stick, and even in this supreme moment I wonder if he will ever need it again. My father's face we can see: it is calm, set, and terrible, as that of the avenging angel's. He stands like a rock, without motion, apparently without feeling. Chesham raises his hand, and drops it again. Oh, why does not father fire, and kill his foe? He cannot miss him at this distance. How long have they been standing here? Is it hours, minutes, moments?

Now Chesham has moved a step, two steps nearer, another! He is raising his hand! Oh, my father, fire! Kill him ere he kills you! I feel Rothwell's hand seek mine and grasp it. I can hear his deep, quick breathing, and in my heart I curse him for not preventing this. If my father dies, I will kill this false friend. I swear it!

Ah! Chesham's pistol is up and leveled. The moon rays glint on the barrel. I can bear it no longer! I bury my head in the turf and shut my eyes.

It is over! The shot rang through the air! I cannot help myself. I spring to my feet. A great sob of joy breaks from my heart. My father stands there upright, and calm as ever. To all appearance unhurt.

Rothwell kneels at my side and grasps my hand fiercely. But I have no time or thought save for the scene below us. A sickening thought passes through me—I am to see a man die.

Give him his due. For the only time in my life I admired that man. His miss had forfeited his life. He knew it well. Yet he stood his ground without flinching. He waited for death as boldly as if he had lived a blameless, a sinless life. Who can tell what his thoughts were at that moment? Who can say what he felt when he saw that stern pale face opposite him, the face of a man he had robbed of happiness, a face that showed neither anger nor emotion, and one that not a trace of mercy crossed?

His agony of mind did not last long. Sir Laurence Estmere took three paces towards him. He raised his arm, and apparently taking a careless aim fired. Simultaneously with the report Richard Chesham staggered a pace forward, then fell on his face.

My father did not even glance twice at the result of his shot. He threw the pistol from him, walked straight to the cliff, and commenced the ascent. We saw that he must pass close to us.

"Shall we stop him?" I whispered.

"Not for worlds. Lie down. This way; he will not see us here."

We hid ourselves. In a minute or two my father passed close to us. He walked leisurely and calmly as one who might be enjoying a ramble by moonlight. We watched him until we knew he must have nearly reached the high road.

Rothwell's excitement had vanished. He turned to me sadly and seriously.

"Forgive me, Philip, this thing had to be. I felt it to be fatality."

I could not forgive him yet. I felt he had acted like a madman or a fanatic.

"Let us go down to the beach," I said, "we cannot leave a man like that."

"Yes, we will go down, although we can do nothing. Your mother's wrongs are avenged."

"Where will my father go?" I asked.

"We will follow him presently. Hark! What is that?"

In the distance we heard the sound of horse's hoofs.

"He must have got a horse from somewhere," said Rothwell. "It must have been waiting for him. He was certain of returning, you see: Chesham was not. We shall not find your father to-night. Let us go down to the beach."

We went down the cliff. I ran to Chesham, and raised him in my arms. Rothwell, who knew as much about gunshot wounds as the best surgeon, felt his pulse and then pointed to a hole in his clothes, which were wet with blood.

"Right through the heart," he said. "We can do nothing for him. He died at once."

"Lay him as he fell," he continued. I obeyed.

"Find the other pistol, the one your father used."

I looked for it and found it. Rothwell examined it. It bore Chesham's initials in silver. Its fellow was tightly grasped in the dead man's hand.

Rothwell picked up the handkerchief which had done duty for the fatal barrier. He tied it round the pistol, and with one sweep of his muscular arm sent them some sixty yards out to sea.

"There is little rise and fall here," he said. "There they may lie till some convulsion changes land and sea. Come away, we can do no more. It will be dangerous to linger."

"Must we leave the poor wretch so?" I asked.

"Yes. What has he done that he should merit consideration from your father's son; come away."

He spoke sternly as one feeling contempt for my weakness. His words were true. The dead man deserved nothing from me, so I followed my friend.

We walked back to Monaco. It was too late to dream of finding my father that night. I went to bed, praying that no terrible sequence might be the result of the night's work. My haunting fear was that my father would be arrested for the murder of Richard Chesham. In law he would be guilty.

The next morning we inquired for anyone answering to the description of my father. We found that a gentleman who gave the name of Norris had stayed for a few hours at one of the smaller hotels. He had dined there, and after dinner had gone out. About eleven o'clock he had returned and said he wanted to hire a horse, as he intended to ride to Nice. He would send it back by someone the next day. This proceeding being demurred to, he offered to deposit the value of the horse, and claim it when the animal was duly returned. It was a strange request, but as Englishmen are all more or less mad, not so much to be wondered at. The money was paid, and the gentleman had the horse. When he brought it back the money would be refunded. He had fastened his small portmanteau in front of him, paid his bill, and departed.

So he had gone to Nice, ridden there as soon as he had done the deed of vengeance or justice. No doubt he would be off by the first train in the morning, and would once more have a few hours start of us.

I was for following at once, but Rothwell vetoed my plan.

"We must stay at least two days," he said. "Heaven knows what suspicions our sudden departure may rise to. We saw several men we knew last night. I am not afraid about your father now. Let him get to England quietly."

My objections were overruled. We stayed two days. Every moment I expected to hear that Chesham's body had been found. Every moment I thought of that motionless form lying face downwards on the coast line, with the waves lapping within a few feet of the wicked white face. Such was my state of excitement and suspense that I was fain to gamble highly to counteract it. But fortune still proved kind, and I left Monte Carlo much richer than I came to it.

Our lucky friend remarked Chesham's absence. "Shouldn't wonder if he's shot himself," he said. "He was about cleaned out, I think."

We waited for the two days, then hearing nothing made the best of our way home. The day after we left Monaco, the body was discovered. The situation spoke for itself. A lonely place on the coast. A ruined gambler dead—a bullet through his heart—a pistol, his own, in his hand. Such occurrences, when hinted about, are apt to bring M. Blanc's admirably conducted establishment into ill-favor. When such things happen, they are hushed up with as little inquiry as possible. There was no one to claim the dead man, there was enough money in his pocket to bury him; so buried he was, and as his name was known it was placed on the stone above. If he had any heirs, there was nothing for them to succeed to. The drivers of the carriage which took him and ourselves to the scene of the tragedy either never heard what had happened, or troubled nothing about it. Richard Chesham was dead and buried and no further questions were asked.

Men who knew him heard that he had been cleaned out at the tables and shot himself in consequence.

"Poor devil!" they said, "he played a fine rubber, but would have you if he could." This was his epitaph.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

The Chicago Inquest.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 14.—The inquest upon the bodies of Officers Sheehan and Flavin, who died from injuries received in the hay market riot, began this afternoon. Evidence was given tending to implicate Fischer as the man who threw the bomb. On Fischer's person when arrested was a fulminating cap, used for the explosion of dynamite. Detective Bonfield swore that Anton Herschberger, a printer in the Arbeiter-Zeitung, set up the revenge circular, and when arrested had a bullet-hole in his coat. The same officer said he could prove that both Fischer and Herschberger declared that they were going to the hay market and were going to attack the police if the latter came.

THAT CATTLE BUSINESS.

An Old Army Officer on the Smuggling Away of American Cattle.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., May 12.—Col. A. G. Bracket, an old-time army officer, now stationed at Fort Davis, who is proud of the honor of having made the first Indian raid to Mexico in the fifties, writes as follows on the subject of the reported Mexican cattle stealing on this side of the border.

A good deal has been said lately in the public prints in regard to cattle-stealing along the Rio Grande, by Mexican soldiers. It is very strange, to say the least of it, that we who live here have heard nothing about it, except as it was related in the columns of a newspaper printed a long distance off. Scouting parties of United States soldiers are kept moving along the river, and they know nothing whatever about the so-called outrages, but they do know that Mexican cattle stray in large numbers across the river where the grazing is better and where they are looked after by their owners as carefully as if they were on our own grounds. This certainly has not much the appearance of cattle-stealing. The soldiers could seize the cattle crossing from Texas to Mexico, but nobody drives them over; they go of their own free will where they can get grass enough to keep life in them, which they find it very difficult to do in Presidio county. The fact is, there is an unprecedented drought in this section of the country, and many hundreds of cattle have died of starvation. This fact is a very unpleasant one, but the truth has to be told sometimes, however much it may be against our interests to tell it. The carcasses of dead animals dot the plains and slopes in every direction. Against the drought and consequent total lack of grass no man can successfully combat, and the cowboys are only too willing to have their cattle over in Mexico where the grazing is comparatively good, knowing full well that they can drive them back whenever they please. The animals go over the slopes to drink in the Rio Grande, and seeing the inviting prospect on the other side cross over, doing no harm to any one. These are the facts of the case, and if any Mexican has crossed on this side and driven cattle over he has merely been taking back his own property the same as our people do from the other side. Americans along the Rio Grande own a great many cattle, while our neighbors own comparatively few. Our soldiers keep a good watch along the frontier, and Gen. Stanley is well advised as to everything transpiring and looks well after the interests of our citizens. Under the condition of things stated herein there must necessarily be some irregularity. That the Mexicans come on to our soil and drive away cattle is not true, though it would be perfectly easy to do so, and still more easy to drive away American cattle already on their side of the Rio Grande.

Wrecked by Dynamite.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1[illegible].—Col. H. W. Hoblitzel, agent of the Atlantic Dynamite company, was employed this morning breaking up a lot of old iron which was stored on a vacant piece of ground near the Republic Iron works. He commenced on a ten-ton anvil and used an immense charge of dynamite for that purpose. A terrific explosion followed and huge pieces of the anvil were scattered about in every direction. One piece weighing 300 pounds wrecked the house of Mrs. McNamara, one block distant. Another piece, weighing over two hundred pounds, crashed through the dwelling of Emil Eastman, also a block away, and struck a bed in which three children were sleeping. They were covered with debris, but escaped serious injury. The house of Mrs Luny, fully 300 feet away, was also wrecked. The only person injured was James Acton, who was walking on the sidewalk a block away. He was struck on the leg with a fragment and badly injured. The occurrence caused intense excitement, as a rumor was current that a bomb similar to those used at Chicago had been thrown on the street.

THAT'S WHAT.

BY L. K.

Streets well paved and sewers laid;
Busy, bustling marts of trade;
Building railroads—ne'er afraid,
That's Fort Worth.

Slowly slinking slothful shrew,
Gazing thro' spectacles blue;
Little work done—much ado,
That's Dallas.

Watching coyly every chance;
Ever present at the dance;
Stepping soberly—ne'er a prance,
That's Waco.

Sadly sitting by the sea,
Moaning, sobbing, "Woe is me;"
To the "interior" let me flee,
That's Galveston.

Eating tamales, fiery hot;
Quite content with quiet lot;
Seeks no more than what she's got,
That's Santone.

City of the full jack-pot;
Legislators, a fine lot;
"Ante," "blind" and other rot,
That's Austin.

Fifty miles from "water deep;"
Quietly goes o'er to sleep;
Listening to Galveston's "weep,"
That's Houston.

WAR STORIES.

No. 1—Lincoln and Texas.

Among all the reminiscences of the great civil war appearing during the last twenty years have seen no mention of the very remarkable episode which I am about to narrate.

The state of Texas fell early into the hands of the Confederates, a convention having passed an ordinance of secession February 1, 1861, and Gen. Twiggs having surrendered his whole command and all the posts, war supplies, etc., on the 18th of the same month. Comparatively little fighting, however, took place within its limits. As the war progressed a great deal of dissatisfaction and discontent arose, and while these feelings lacked decided outward manifestations, they grew deeper and deeper. While there were hardly any active hostilities to feed the war fervor and develop the spirit of self-sacrifice, the iron rule of war times was felt in all its rigor. Generals with their staffs, military governors and provost marshals abounded. Martial law was rigidly enforced. Houses, crops, cattle and provisions were taken at will for the benefit of the Confederacy. The roads were unsafe, for marauders, deserters, robbers, "road agents" and desperadoes of all kinds found golden opportunities. The sufferings of the people were great. Trade was at a stand-still, as well it might be. The whole coast, from Sabine Pass to Point Isabel, was blockaded by the United States navy, and to export cotton in any quantity (some 300,000 bales went to market in this way) its owners must pay enormous charges for its transportation by teams across the state, by dangerous roads and over desert plains, to the Rio Grande. When on Mexican soil it must be taken to Bagdad, at the mouth of the river, and then shipped. Moreover, when the Confederate authorities found out the value of this trade they laid such grievous and various taxes thereon that on more than one occasion the unhappy owners of cotton, learning after all the burden and danger of transportation were passed of an impost which meant ruin, actually committed suicide.

Supplies of all sorts were scanty, and enormously expensive, and the drain upon the population to fill the Confederate armies was incessant. A most amusing and gratifying incident occurred in this connection. We are in the habit of thinking that all nominal Union men in the North, and especially in the great city of New York, were really loyal. On the contrary Matamoros was at one time filled with "drummers" from New York firms, the members of which were swearing by the "old flag" and subscribing to the Union Defense committee, eager to sell not only ordinary merchandise, but also munitions of war to the enemy. They professed themselves ardent secessionists, and they found their accounts. One night a Confederate general gave a ball in Brownsville and invited about forty of them. Having these faithful Southern sympathizers on Texas soil he took them at their word and conscripted the lot.

There were Union men in the state, and not a few of them, but graphic pens have told of the reign of terror under which they lived. The massacre at New Braunfels furnished a bloody chapter in the history of the war, but that had no such effect in bringing the Confederate authorities into disrepute in the state as did, for instance, a tragedy far less widely known. Two loyal Texans, Davis and Montgomery by name, were respectively colonel of the First Texas (Union) cavalry and captain, commanding a company of the same regiment. Hearing that their wives were on Mexican soil, they both left New Orleans and proceeded by sea to Bagdad, and thence some distance into the country. Davis found his wife, but Montgomery did not find his. On their way back to the vessel in which they had come, they lodged for the night in the house of the Mexican commandant at Bagdad. That night a Confederate force, commanded by an officer named Chilton (acting under the order of Gen. Bee), crossed the river, attacked the house and kidnapped the two Union officers. As they were carrying them away Montgomery reviled them and taunted them with their cowardly mode of warfare, whereupon they hanged him in cold blood and had the barbarity to send to his wife the rope they had used. The Mexican authorities were too late in acting to save him, but they demanded and secured the relief of Col. Davis. This latter unfortunate man had been bound to a tree in his night-clothes for two days, and was nearly dead from exposure and the attacks of mosquitoes. When Brownsville was occupied by the Union forces the remains of Capt. Montgomery were disinterred and then, with an imposing military funeral, buried at the foot of the staff on which at last floated the American flag, and there they repose to-day. The Confederates who remained in the town were forcibly formed in line and compelled to witness the ceremony. Capt. Montgomery's sons proclaimed a vendetta against his murderers, and for years after the war the principals dared not cross the Rio Grande.

On October 26, 1863, an expedition under Gen. Banks sailed from New Orleans for the mouth of the Rio Grande. A glance at the map will show the reader that about two miles above the mouth of the great river of the North (where it is very narrow), there is a small island called Brazos Santiago, which practically closes the southern extremity of an enormous lagoon, the Laguna de la Madre, lying inside the long and narrow Padre Island, and stretching away north along the coast as far as Corpus Christi. Some distance up the river, and opposite the Mexican city of Matamoros, is Brownsville. This latter place, as well as Brazos Santiago, was occupied by Banks' expedition, but Brownsville was not permanently held.

The incidents connected with its occupation were not dramatic. In landing, having no proper pilot, Banks lost much of his transportation, and he was six days in reaching Brownsville, thirty miles away. During these six days there were wild doings in and about the town. A terrible panic was caused by the report of the landing of the Yankees, and a veritable pandemonium followed. Thieves were stealing the cotton and other merchandise lying on the landing. Gen. Bee was burning the hospitals and barracks and blowing up the magazines. Suddenly one Vidal, captain in the Confederate service (a citizen of Texas, but a Mexican by birth), who had deserted and taken his company with him the moment he heard of the landing, charged upon the outskirts of the town. He hanged and shot a number of Confederates and clamored for the blood of Gen. Bee. The latter fled, his path lighted only by the fires he had kindled, and never stopped till he reached Goliad.

As a relief to this savage picture it is interesting to know of the doings of the Confederate collector of customs. This ardent secessionist was from the state of Rhode Island, and, while he was ready to make as many sacrifices as was Artemus Ward, he retained the thrifty habits of New England.

"Let us leave nothing for the — Yankees," cried he. "Let us burn the custom-house books;" and he did it. How he came out of the transaction the sagacious reader may surmise.

Some soldiers were left on the little island of Brazos Santiago, and a collector of customs. This gentleman erected a custom-house, a frame building of two rooms, raised on piles hardly high enough to save it from being flooded. On top was a cupola, the lantern in which served for a long time as a big lighthouse. A flag was hoisted, and to the great satisfaction of the authorities at Washington, public proclamation or announcement was made that a port in Texas was open to trade. No mention was made of the fact that the depth of water on the bar was but a very few feet; and in point of fact the deputy collector's labors were confined to endeavors to keep his safe and himself from being washed away. Fortunately the authorities builded better than they knew when they established a custom-house on Brazos Santiago. It gave them a pied-a-terre from which went forth, secretly and silently, certain influences bidding fair to produce momentous results.

Before the date of Banks' expedition loyal Texans had moved heaven and earth to induce the president and Mr. Stanton to divide their state.

"No better course could be taken," they pleaded. "Eastern and Western Texas are wholly different. The former is a country fitted for cotton and other tropical productions; the latter is adapted to stock-raising. Divide the state at the Colorado or the San Antonio river, and call the new one Bexar. Hold the river line with a sufficient force; let all the Union men take refuge west of that line, and the thing is done."

Mr. Lincoln was pleased with this idea. "It is a much better plan than that West Virginia one," said he; but Mr. Stanton's energies were concentrated nearer home, and he declared that the forces could not be spared. The loyal Texans, "cast down but not discouraged," took their departure from Washington and bided their time.

At intervals they saw the president again, and it was doubtless in consequence of what they told him, and his reflection thereon that Banks' expedition was sent. After its withdrawal things in Texas went from bad to worse. During the occupation of Corpus Christi and Indianola the inhabitants had been requested to take the oath of allegiance. Then again they were left to the tender mercies of the Confederates. Anarchy grew apace. A man named Black managed to secure from Banks a commission as captain. He raised a company of a hundred men, ascended the river, crossed it near Eagle Pass or Laredo, and became the terror of the border. How many lives he took, how many cotton trains he captured, none can tell. He was but one of many. People in Texas became more and more discontented and restless. The past history of their state was that of a grand struggle for freedom. Men who had fought with Houston, and Fannin, and Crockett, and Stephen Austin, chafed at military rule and forced levies. Cui bono, they began to ask themselves and each other. Just then, from the federal flint and steel at Brazos Santiago, there went out sparks which reached this ready tinder in the state, with wonderful skill, care and discretion, communications and overtures were conveyed to willing recipients; and at last one of the most prominent loyal Texans appeared at the White House with news of the greatest importance for the president.

Mr. Lincoln ardently longed for peace. Day and night the horrors of fratricidal strife weighed on his mind. Under the surface he was a profoundly melancholy man, with each year of the war the somber shadow deepened on his weary spirit; with deep earnestness he sought for means to stop the shedding of blood. What the Texan told brought him a ray of hope, and his mind, fertile in resources, grasped the situation in an instant, and suggested the thing to be done.

"The Confederacy," said he, "is like a bunch of matches, tightly tied together with a string. Pull out one and the rest will follow."

There were earnest conferences at the White House, and when they were concluded, the loyal Texan again departed, charged with the details of a striking and original plan—as follows:

Texas had once seceded from Mexico; let her now secede from the Confederacy; let the question of her re-entry into the Union await the dealings of the federal government with the other seceded states. All Mr Lincoln asked, for the present, was that he should own and hold the few former United States posts which he needed. This arranged, he would keep "hands off." Not only would he interfere in no way with the interior economy of this free and independent commonwealth, but he would raise the blockade from Sabine Pass to Point Isabel, ingress and egress should be free as air. The crops, cotton, sugar and all, should go out to the world, supplies of all kinds would be poured in. State courts and officials should make and administer the laws, and peace and prosperity would once more prevail. Even if the Richmond government wished to coerce the "erring sister" (and how would this comport with the cardinal principles of the secession movement?) they could not do it. They had no navy, and, as for troops, they had already begun, as Gen. Grant tersely put it, to "rob the cradle and the grave," to resist the power of the federal armies.

Such was Mr. Lincoln's ingenious, statesmanlike and beneficent programme, and this proposition met with a ready response. Once again the zealous negotiator appeared in Washington. His message was brief: "Let officers of high rank," he said, "be sent to treat."

With what care and skill the final steps of this remarkable movement were managed, one may learn from the fact that to-day, after twenty-one years have elapsed, nothing is generally known of it. On a certain day early in 1865, a party consisting of a federal major-general, a brigadier-general, other military officers and the loyal Texan, whose services had been so useful, left New Orleans on the steamer "Clinton" for Brazos Santiago. After a few preliminaries, they started in boats rowed by United States sailors and took their course up the Laguna de la Madre. When they had covered nine or ten miles, they approached a bluff; they stopped and made a signal. After a time it was answered. "How fortunate!" they said, in the hearing of the sailors "We shall at last be able to … we have long desired, for the … prisoners."

The landed and mounted … was a lovely spot, the … twenty or thirty miles … level, in a beautiful grove … were pitched some tents … were a group of well-known … tinguished Confederate officers … fifty soldiers. The meeting … and cordial. Old comrades … only of past days and forgetful … vening estrangement, joyfully … hands. The commissariat was … and varied, and conviviality … business. Ere long, while … were exchanging … beakers of champagne, the … ots and Confederate soldiers … over unostentatious whisky … former vainly endeavored to … alry horses, the latter made … work in attempting to row the …

The party arrived in the … the next day and during the … the ranking officers were in … ference, while their juniors … over the flowing bowl. … time, thought the sailors, to arrange … simple matter as the … of prisoners. In fact all was … But a few hours and the party … separated; reports would have … to principals on both sides … taken would have been … soon would have come the … of the remarkable scheme. … morning of the third day, … boat was seen approaching … made; a courier had arrived … emptory message from … Gen. Sherman had taken … was marching northward … before him. All negotiations …

There were regrets on both … a friendly parting. All was … sailors and soldiers heard … oners would be exchanged.

As the federal party … boats, one of them … marked, "we have lost the great … for destinction of our whole …

With rare success was the … Of course there were suspicions … some Texas papers, hints of … the like, but they came to … May 26, 1865, fifteen days … mattox, General Kirby Smith … the last Confederate army … was at an end.

Since that time, Texas has … derful strides in material … Her population has immensely … her products go in large … lands; the once desert … which the cotton, … laboriously and perilously … Rio Grande, are belted with … roads and dotted with … ranches. As a sovereign … federal Union, she is greater … and, more than twenty years … of the good and wise … her well, and planned for … in her dark days, I am … this brief story of his broad … design.

A. …

Washington, D. C.

THE TEXAS BAR.

Amendment to the Judiciary … Constitution Drafted.

Special to the Gazette.

AUSTIN, TEX., May 14.—The … tee appointed by the Texas … ation at the last annual … the proposed amendment to … article to the constitution … journed. The following … lawyers were present during … Ex-Gov. O. M. Roberts, … Gould, Hon. John Hancock, … Rector and B. H. Bassett, … committee took the judiciary … the constitution of 1845 as … the following is a brief … changes recommended:

1. An increase in the … justices of the supreme court … with authority to act in two … divisions.
2. Taking away the civil … the court of appeals.
3. Defining more clearly the … tion of the district courts … courts.
4. Making appeals from the … court in civil suits to the … be final.
5. Lengthening the term of … judges of the supreme and … peals to eight years.
6. Increasing the salaries … of the supreme and court of … $5000 per annum.
7. Increasing the salaries … judges to $3600 per annum.

Hon. B. H. Bassett of … compile and arrange the … mittee, which will be printed … form and distributed to the … nity and others throughout … The next session of the … will be held in Dallas on the … at which time the report of the … tee will be discussed.

THE CURTIN COMMITTEE.

It Winds Up Its Work … Irons Gives a …

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 14.— … labor investigation committee … last session in this city … leave for Washington … Osborn, master workman … No. 3771, Knights of Labor … strike was based on a list of … which had never been … railroad officers. Some of … consisted in the discharge … notice and the non-restoration … after the adoption of the … agreement.

Martin Irons, master workman … trict Assembly No. 101, … of which numbers 3000 … upon the Missouri Pacific … fied that the officials of … nored the provisions of … He noted instances … against the employees … ered. The discharge of … Texas & Pacific road was … cause of the strike. This … ever, the sole reason; … of the many grievances … the strike necessary. … settle the affair … had met Gov. Sheldon … ceivers of the road. … him that an endeavor … adjust matters and … Gov. Brown would be … day he thought Irons … and present his … day he thought … the receivers come to … books of the company … graphed Gov. Sheldon … was received. Another … with only a response … that "Sheldon was … he telegraphed that if … ceived by the next day … the men. No answer … the strike. The … after events, the strike … Pacific, the conference … the governor's attempt … strike, Hoxie's action … matter down so the … committee's attempt … and the means by which … finally ended.